

Fatal Friendship ;

OR, THE

Drunkards Misery :

BEING A

S A T Y R

AGAINST

Hard Drinking.

*Cum Vini vis penetravit,
Consequitur gravitas Membrorum, præpediuntur
Crura vacillanti, tardeſcit Lingua, madet Mens,
Nant Oculi, Clamor, Singultus, Jurgia glaſcant.*
Lucret. Lib. 3.

By the AUTHOR of

The Search after Claret.

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East Freetown
OF THE
Dunkard Society

BEING

S A T Y R

AGAINST

Idol Drinking.

THE
DUNKARD SOCIETY
OF THE
EAST FREETOWN
OF THE
DUNKARD SOCIETY
OF THE
EAST FREETOWN

The Search after Christ

THE
DUNKARD SOCIETY
OF THE
EAST FREETOWN

THE
DUNKARD SOCIETY
OF THE
EAST FREETOWN

The Epistle Dedicatory.

TO ALL
Gentlemen, and Others;

More particularly,

To the Sworn Friends of the BOTTLE.

Gentlemen, &c.

I Am very sensible, that my Company will be as acceptable to you, as good Advice to a Young Heir, borrowing Money upon his Estate before he comes to Age; or a Drawer's Impertinence, who (unsent for) tells you, 'Tis past Three in the Morning; whereas you scorn to wait upon Time; No, let the Bald-pated Gentleman wait upon you. However, a Satyr is a kind of a rugged Fellow, and stands not much upon Preface, or Ceremony; who makes bold to present you with some of your Pictures, drawn as near the Life, as a rough Pencil could make them; tho', you will say, 'Twas some what Sawey, to do your Pictures, without your Consent. Perhaps, 'twas a little Presumptuous; but what dares a Satyr do? 'Tis a very strange thing, that a Man should do that over-night, which he must ask Pardon of his Constitution for next Morning. How Penitent, and Crop-sick, have I seen a Spark, after a Debauch? His Body Feaverish, his Head out of order; then Small-Beer, and Coffee, are his Beloved Liquors, and he abhors Wine for some time, equal with a Mussel-man; till Na-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ture throws it off, and then the Bottle must be ply'd pretty warmly, to redeem the time lost in Sobriety.

But, as for those Hard-Drinkers, whose Bodies and Consciences are equally Case-hardned, whom no Wine can ever Intoxicate, and who boast of their Knocking down (as tis call'd) so many of an Evening; taking a Pride to Murder their Dearest Friends, under the Disguise of a Civil Entertainment (for a Stab in the Mouth is oftentimes more dangerous, than a Thrust through the Body.) As for these Men, my Satyr has nothing to say to them, since neither St. Paul, nor Aristotle, can ever convince them, that Drinking to Excess is a Sin, or, to use their own Modish Phrase, a Vice: No, my Satyr would only instruct the Young Practitioners in Drinking, who are not gone so far, as to dare to venture upon the Second or Third Bottle; I wish, they may stop, before the Feaver, Gout, or Consumption, convinces them of their Folly, and their Experience be not bought so Dear, that they will never make their Money of it again; for, till I can find, what Good either to Soul, Body, Reputation or Estate, **HARD-DRINKING** ever did to any Man, the Satyr will stand Good in Law; and when he is convinced to the contrary, he will readily cry, Peccavi.

AN ERRATA.

Page 2. line ult. for Masters, read Master, p. 9. l. 9. f. Just, a. Cust. Ibid, l. 16. E so well, f. to sell, p. 10. l. 8. f. tells, r. tell, p. 13. l. 10. f. Ray, r. But, ibid, l. 14. f. Paint, r. Pain. p. 14. l. 12. f. Tear, r. Tears, p. 15. l. 7. f. Filt, r. Fill. p. 18. l. 2. f. of his, r. which this, p. 25. l. 17. f. be, r. they. With several other Faults, which the Reader is desired so Correct.

THE Fatal Friendship, &c.

I.
E Nough, Enough; urge me no more my Friend
 (For so you are, or so at least pretend;)
 I've drank enough to quench my thirst; nay,
 I've took a Glass, or two, on pleasures Score; (more,
 And sure, you cannot think it fit,
 I drink beyond my *Quantum sufficit*?
 Why will you tempt me thus?—And with a Glass,
 Fit by the Race of *Gyants*, to be quast:
 Think you a Pint can be a Friendly Draught?
 For double *Aqua Fortis* has
 As many Charms as in that Bumper are;
 Therefore, my dearest Friend, forbear,
 And show the *Fatal Glass* no more;
 Which not to Drink, I to my self have sworn.

I I.

But yet I would not have you think,
 'Tis Humour makes me thus forbear to drink;
 Or that some fullen Maggot of the Brain,
 Makes me large Brimmers thus refrain.
 I ever lov'd my Friend, and Seem to be
 The Spoiler of good Company;
 Yet I was ne're so Complaisant,
 To pour down Drink to that Degree,
 Till I could neither speak, nor stand, nor go,
 Because my Company were so;
 I hope, that piece of Breeding I shall ever want.
 Some Inkſom things one would for Friendſhip do;
 Yet a Man's Health muſt be regarded too.

I I I.

I ſee your Friends are all uneaſie grown;
 And you your ſelf muſt wiſh me gone;
 Since now I can no longer be,
 What by miſtake is call'd Good Company:
 Pardon my Rudeneſs, and believe,
 'Tis with Regret I take my Leave;
 For I am very proud to be
 The Maſters of my Health and Liberty;

Yet

Yet, I confess, I shall one Pleasure lose,
Which is, the benefit of your Discourse;
Instead of which, I'll walk the Groves and Fields,
And crop the sweets, the lovely Garden yields;
Since various Men do various Pleasures choose,
If you'll not envy mine, I ne're will envy yours.

IV.

Thus at a pleasant Seat of Country-Knight,
Adorn'd with every thing that can delight,
One day a mighty Company were met,
I, 'mongst the rest, to share a noble Treat.
Our Dinner done, appears another Scene,
Bottles, like Locusts, to the Room swarm in,
Of several sorts of Wine; nor must they need,
That Shoeing-horn, to Drink the *Indian Weed*:

Bottles and Pipes the Challenge give,

Which every one does there receive;

Healts are begun, of which 'bout Three or Four
I drank, and then resolv'd to drink no more;

But took my leave, since I could plainly find,

Hard-Drinking was by all design'd;

I know, that——*Squeamish Fool*, and *sober Sor*,

Were Names, which in my absence were my Lot;

But that no trouble was to me,
 Since now in Air my Thoughts were free:
 In a thick Grove of Beech I walkt alone,
 And thinking where I lately was,
 And what was certain to be done,
 When the concluding Punch-Bowl was in play;
 Reflecting (as I, 'mongst the Trees, did pass)
 Upon the Vice of Drinking, there was brought
 A Thousand Notions to my Lab'ring Thought,
 Which, cloath'd in Words, thus to my self did say.

V.

How in the name of Wonder happed first
 That Vice, above all other Vices curst,
 Call'd, *Drunkennes*, such vast esteem to find,
 Amongst the Race of Human kind.
 The *Patriarchs*, who liv'd before the Flood,
 No Drink, but that of Water understood;
 Till *Noah* planted an unlucky Vine,
 And was the first Example of the force of Wine;
 But too too soon the Vice familiar grew,
 And when the Cups went briskly round,
 The little World, call'd *Man*, again was drown'd,
 They laught at all the Sober Fem,

Who

Who would refuse to wash their Souls with Wine,
 Or not with them in Lewd Excesses joyn;
 This truth, Old Pious Lot too plainly knew,
 When from the Drunken Sodomitish Crew,

With's Wife and Daughters he withdrew,
 But in a Cave the Girls contriv'd a Plot,
 By pushing on the well-fill'd Bowl,

To warm their Father's aged Soul;
 And when the now no longer Pious Lot,

His Dose had plentifully got,
 His Wife of Salt, and Sodom's Flames, were both forgot;
 The Heat of Wine, the Heat of Lust inspires,
 And the old Man now burns with youthful Fires;
 Incest he thinks no Crime, and now no more

Rememb'ring what his Neighbours suff'erd for;
 Forgetting what is Lawful, Good and Just,
 Adds Sin to Sin, and his two Daughters must
 By turns inflame, by turns allay his Lust.

VI.
 Parent of Vices, *Drinking*, sure thou art,
 Under thy Wing they all protection find;
 For he that is to *Drunkennesse* inclin'd,
 Will in no Sin refuse to bear a part.

Must

Must there a House be fir'd, or tender Maid
 Be to the Arms of Ravishers betray'd;
 A Person to be robb'd, nay, Murdered too,
 All this a Drunkard is prepared to do;
 His Reason, in a Sea of Liquor, drown'd,
 To guide his Thoughts, no Pilot can be found,
 But to and fro his Passions fluctuate,
 Ready for Villany at any Rate:
 But oft a sad Repentance is his Lot,
 And the Lewd Frolicks of a Drunken Set,
 End with a Halter, and a Psalm,
 If drunk you kill, you must be hang'd when Calm;
 But *Newgate's* Annals, *Tyburn's* Chronicle,
 Of this sad Truth can various Stories tell.

V II.

Oft to a Tavern have I known go in,
 A knot of Friends to drink a Glas of Wine,
 In Love and Unity they all sit down,
 Now doubly welcome to each other grown;
 To each Man's Health the Glas goes briskly round,
 And nought but Mirth and Jollity is found;
 But when one Bottle ushers in another,
 And this Half Flask brings in his younger Brother:

A Scene quite different appears,
 For now with Wine inflam'd each petty Jar,
 Will 'mongst these Friends create a Civil War;
 Wine spilt by accident, an Health forgot,
 Or a Glas fill'd too full upon the Spot,
 Can set 'em altogether by the Ears;
Rascal, and *Rogue*, are words they use by turns,
 And each with Wine and Fury doubly burns;
 Which, if too high wound up, perhaps proceeds,
 To throwing Bottles at each others Heads;

Then Swords from Scabbards are lugg'd out,

And now begins the dismal Rout.

All Friendship is forgot, and each one wou'd
 Be glad to bathe his Sword in t'other's Blood.

Thus in the Fury of this Brutal Wrath,

Murder ensues on One, or Both;

And they, who were such Friends before,

By Wines most powerful Operation,

Cancel the Friendship which they bore;

And he who does in such a Quarrel fall,

With highest Justice we may call,

A Sacrifice to VVine, and sudden Passion.

Late from the Tavern, Reeling drunk,
 A Gentleman (well bred, and nobly born,
 Who sober, would such Actions scorn)
 Perhaps shall seize upon a stroling Punk;
 She likes her Prize, for well those Vermin know,
 What with a Drunken Man to do:
 But while, as by her side he walks,
 And of his Love in broken *English* talks,
 A Man more drunk he meets,
 Who has resolv'd to scour the Streets;
 He asks no leave, but boldly on does fall,
 And quarrels with him both for *Punk* and *Wall*:
 This he a great affront does think,
 (For Men are Valiant in their Drink)
 Both draw, and awkward pushes make;
 And though they both may know the Art,
 They thrust not now in Teirce or Cart;
 But blindly fighting in the Dark,
 By a chance Pass falls one, or t'other Spark,
 Unless

Unless the Watch, or some by-Standers may
 Be near, to part the sudden Fray.
 Thus Quarrels too too oft arise,
 And precious Life is laid at stake,
 For the good Favours of a taudry Crack,
 And doubly curst is he that wins the Prize.

IX.

But without any hindrance, now suppose,
 He with his *Phillis* to some Tavern goes;
 For Taverns now, 'tis known, are doubly just,
 First, they inflame, and then they wink at Lust;
 Here from warm touches, and such wanton Toys,
 Which she permits as fine Decoys,
 To draw him on, to taste her further Joys,
 He ventures, and by Money thrown in Lap,
 Gives solid Earnest for a swinging Clap.
 For now the Jilts, so well their Flesh are known,
 As Butchers do their Meat by Pound or Stone:
 But though the Whore with open Hand receives,
 What he for Fatal Pleasures gives,
 Not satisfied, she to his Pocket dives.

D

From

From whence, by flight of Hand, with Fingers steady,
 By nimble Art, she picks out all his Ready;
 And if Tobacco-Box, or Watch be nigh,
 They shall not fail to keep it Company:
 Then she troops off, and leaves him with the Curse
 Of a burnt Tail, and quite exhausted Purse;

Homeward 'tis time, that now he reels,
 Insensible as yet, but who can tell's
 The Pangs his serious Thoughts next Morning feels,
 When he considers what th' effects may be
 Of his last Nights Vain, Sinful Jolity.

X.

Blessed Effects of *Drinking to Excess*;

But this does ancient Proverb cross,
 That *Drunken Men* ne're come to harm or loss;
 No, Heaven o're them has a peculiar care,
 Not minding how the *Sober* fare,
 From Horse they never fall, nor by Mistake,
 Ride into Ponds, a liquid *Exit* make;

All

All Stairs to them, like *Terra firma*, seem,
 From whence, by falling, none e're broke a Limb;
 They never meet with Quarrel, Blow, nor Wound,
 Nor Dead i'th' Street, o'ecome with *Liquor* sound.

No, no,—This Truth they joyntly all confess,
 Or Day, or Night, when they from *Drinking* come,
 Tho' they want Legs and Eyes, they get securely home.

X I.

Like wretched losing Gamesters thus,
 Rather than they the Game will loose,
 Heav'n shall be call'd, the sinking Cause t'esponse:

But can we be so impious, as to think,
 That Providence o're Men in Drink,
 With greater care looks down, than on
 Those who are always sober known.

This were to set up Vice, and put fair Vertue down.

" But you will tell us, that the sober may

" Be kill'd, or wounded in a Fray,

" May break their Necks, be Drown'd, or lye

" Wrackt with the Gout, or in a Fever dye;

" How then with Justice can you e're pretend,
 " That Heav'n is theirs, more than the *Drunkards* Friend.
 'Tis true, these Mischiefs on the good may fall,
 But yet to them they are no ills at all;
 The forest of them Providence ne're sent
 In Anger, as a Punishment:
 Th'Appearance, ev'n of ill they all eschew;
 Not seek the Causes as the *Drunkards* do:
 No wonder then, so oft they Dangers meet,
 When they will Court 'em in the Road or Street;
 Leaving their Arguments, as vain and false,
 Since now another way my Fancy calls:
 Of Melancholory Scenes now take a View,
 And tell me then if *Drink* can Mischief do.

XII.

See here a moving *Tun of Drink*,
 Whose Paunch in State before him walks,
 While his Two Gouty Leggs come Limping after,
 A Sight, will move our pitty, and our Laughter,
 With pace uncertain, how he Stalks;

Salt's

Salt's Rheums in's Eyes, with Face as Scarlet Red,
 Tho' parcht his Lips, as ne're with Moisture fed.
 This Sea of *Liquor* yet will never shrink,
 But freely takes his *Brimmers* off,
 And with the latest stoutly quaff:
 Nay, for his *Drinking* he has this pretence,
 Sobriety would be the Death,
 'Tis *Claret* that preserves his Breath;
 So drink he must, even in his own Defence ::
 Rut whether do these Courses tend,
 Nature at last beneath the Load must bend;
 Excessive heats put out her kinder Fires,
 And so wrapt up in Drink, the Wretch expires.

XIII.

Another with the *Gout* such Pain does feel,
 As almost equals those upon the Wheel;
 Oyls, Oyntments, Plaisters still are us'd in vain,
 Nor can the Velvet Cushion ease the Pain;
 Either like strict *Carthusian* now he lives,
 And meanest Foods, and smallest *Drink* receives;

(A dismal Penance for a past Life, spent
 In Frolicks, and high *Drinking*, Merriment)
 Or else he hugs the cause of all his Pains,
 And *Wine* alone his Palate entertains ;
 And when in *Tee* the wracking twitch comes on,
 To ease the pain, he throws a Brimmer down :
 All Doctors Slops he hates, and cannot think
 There can be any Opiate like *Drink* ;
 And that good *Claret*, or some other *Wine*,
 Sooner and better does to rest incline,
 Then *Laudanum*, or other *Anodyne* ;
 Thus, thus, he lives — and tedious year spins out,
 (For Death is seldom hastned by the *Gout* ;)
 And frequent in his Mouth this Maxims known,
Drink Wine, and have the *Gout* ; and when that's done,
 Your *Gout* will pain you, tho' you should *drink* none.

XIV.

Now a Consumptive walking Ghost appears,
 Stooping to Earth before th appointed Years ;

Who,

Who, when of Phlegm, he would his Stomach ease,
 Does of *himself* each time spit up a piece :
 A Hectick Feaver does his Strength consume,
 And he's a perfect Skeleton become ;
 So Pale and Wan, that every one almost
 Would swear he did *not seem*, but *was* a Ghost.
 Yet to the Tavern, for a sober Jile,
 Or a half Pint at most, he ventures still ;
 So willing is the Wretch to live, altho'
 He cannot one of Life's Contentments know :
 He sees the Men of Health the *Bottles* troul,
 And *drink* large *Bumpers* from the Deep mouth'd Bowls ;
 While he, with little Knipperkin, by's side,
 Observes the Ebbs and Flows of th' *Bottles* Tide,
 With such Delight, as old Men when they view,
 What Am'rous *Thyrsis* and *Dorinda* do,
 When on a Rosie Bank, at Dawn of Day,
 They sit and kiss, and play the time away :
 Yet the pin'd Creature, *Drinking* now forbid,
 (Not able to perform what once he did,
 Yet pleads, that little *Wine* he sipp'd up now,
 To's wasted Lungs, 'does as a Cordial go ;
 And who would that Assistance disallow ?

XV.

These are some few of that most mighty Train,
 Of his hard Drinking, brings on wretched Man;
 Yet in the Case it is but plain and Clear,
 The Body is the smallest Sufferer:
 Too often the Estate the Damage feels,
 And a House totters while its Master reels;
 Hang lousie Mannours, what are Musty Farms,
 In Ballance put with *Wines* Diviner Charms:
 Thus *Tiwen*-like, our Spark treats on, and *Drinke*,
 But how's Estate declines, he never thinks,
 Till Duns on ev'ry side attack him so,
 He must for safety to *Alsatia* go;
 Where, while his Money lasts he shall not want,
 Companions who will with him *Drink* and *Rant*;
 But that once gon, his Person they refuse,
 As Rats by Instinkt leave a falling House;
 Pensive he walks, and knows not what to do,
 Since Poverty has made the World his *Foe*;

And

And he who once esteem'd no *Wines* too dear,
 Now wets his Throat with Penitent small *Beer*;
 Though 'tis a Change, few Men can ere endure,
 To be a *Stoick* from an *Epicure*;
 No Character does such a Man deserve,
 (By his Excesses almost doom'd to starve)
 But this,—A good Estate to's Lot did fall,
 Which foolishly he pist against the Wall.

XVI.

But, what does most of all our wonder raise,
 And with Astonishment our Reason strike,
 Is, that this *Vice* they will as *Vertue* praise,
 And that no *Friendship* ever can be like
 To that, which o're a *Bottle* can be made:
 So strong a Cement's *Wine*, it will engage,
 Men shall continue *Friends* an Age.

Tho' the Acquaintance first they had,
 At a lewd *Drinking Match*, where each one vow'd,
 That he would Spend his dearest Blood;

Go for his *Friend*, through Water, Fire, all
 The Dangers can on Mankind fall ;
 Tho of all this a Word's not understood,
 Yet they will hug and flabber one another ;
 The Old they *Father* call, the Young their *Brothers*;
 Their *Friendship*, thus by *Wine* begun,
 Must by the same be carried on ;
 And if by accident, one meets
 His Brother *Red-Nose* in the Streets ;
 They, with dry *Lips*, no more can part,
 Than can a *Parent* from his *Son* in Cart,
 Refrain from Tears.——Old Customs they'll not break,
 Each in a Glass must dip his *Beak* ;
 With *modest Pints*, they first begin,
 And that the *Tall-boy* ushers in ;
 Then, in large Brimmers, all their *Cares* they drown,
 And useless Reason tumbles down :
 Yet they are Friends, most mighty Friends, indeed,
 And for each other, both their Purses bleed ;
 So long, till one does a *Consumption* find,
 And when that's gone, — Where will you find the Friend ?

XVII.

But, which is worst of all, our *Gentry* now,
 Make *Drinking*—Friendship, and their Glory, too;
 And him the bravest Man they reckon, who
 Can his large *Bumpers* stiffly quaff,
 And carry half a Score of *Bottles* off;
 And him unfit for *Conversation* think,
 Who boggles with the Glass, and will not drink:
 If I, quite weary of the nauseous Town,
 To see an honest Country Friend, go down;
 I am received with all the kind Address,
 That un-disguised *Friendship* can express;
 With wonder, I behold his plenteous Board,
 With what ev'n Luxury could wish-for stor'd;
 And when, with choicest Foods, I have
 Giv'n Nature the Refreshment she did crave;
 Taking my Glass, in order, as it came,
 Gently to stir the Vital Flame,
 I thought, that then some respite was allow'd,
 To sit a while, and talk, or chew the Cudd.

But, ah ! no sooner was the Voider gone,
But Bottles came in Clusters on.

Now I've a doubtful Task to chuse,

Either to Drink, or else refuse :

If I through easiness comply,

(And Men sometimes want power for to deny)

I must resolve with Reason to shake Hands,

And represent the Brute, in shape of Man,

While precious Health, in doubtful posture, stands ;

For who can tell, how much I may oppress

The Vital Heat, by such a Grand Excess ;

And the firm strength, which now I'm sure is mine ;

This (Friendly kind) *Debauch* may undermine,

And shorten Life t'an *Inch*, which Nature made a *Span*?

If I refuse, and no Perswasions can

Tempt me to stay, and drink like them,

Me, as an ill bred Fool, they then condemn ;

But Heav'n be praised, these Scandals wound not deep ;

Let them rail on, while Life's chief Blessing, *Health* I keep.

XVIII.

And this, d'ye *Friendship* call, as well you may,
 Call an *Italian* Friend, who can convey
 A secret Poyson to your Heart,
 Prepar'd with so much curious Art,
 Which shall most certainly, or soon, or late,
 Close up your Eyes, and Seal your Fate :
 But our bold Sons of *Bacchus*, here,
 Do in their practice openly appear ;
 Who, on you, when they force the Glass, or Cup,
 Pale Poyson, in Disguise of Wine you sup ;
 Yet think not Poyson from the Grape they press ;
 No, Wine's a Cordial, till by lewd Excess,
 It does its kind refreshing Nature lose,
 And Death lies lurking in the noble Juyce :
 And can that Man be then my Friend,
 Who, because, *Mithridates*-like,
 He Poysons can digest (for Wine's no less,
 When swallow'd to a vast Excess)
 Will unto me the fatal Draught commend.

Nay,

Nay, force it too: — If this be *Friendship* then,
 Its Sail let Sence and Breeding strike
 To *Savages*, and *Indians*, who
European Vices never knew,
 For, if not *Christians*, yet 'tis own'd they're Men.

XIX.

Alas! What Pleasure can there be
 In an half Fluster'd-*Company*:
 One while, like *Dover-Court*, 't appears,
 All Men have *Tongues*, but none have *Ears*;
 Another time they will be Sitting,
 As mute, as *Quaker's* silent Meeting;
 Till one more, Witty than the rest,
 Tells 'em a sad insipid Jest;
 And then they laugh at such a rate,
 Yet scarcely one can tell for what:
 Here one, with Secret, hard in Labour,
 Delivers it in Ear of Neighbour;
 Which, from his Breast, had never broke,
 Had not *Wine* slyly pickt the Lock.

Another

Another tells, what Punks of late,
 And sort of Oaths are out of date ;
 And what new Faces daily meet,
 At Famous House of Chacolett:
 One, in the Story of's Missiaps,
 Forgets not to relate his Claps;
 At which, his Neighbour laughs, and tells him,
 • Such Ills far oftner have besel him,
 One to the Chimney-corner creeps,
 And there, in quiet, fairly sleeps ;
 Another does, by's Spewing, tell us,
 Something in's Stomach's grown Rebellious : :
 One Sings ; at which another Bawls,
 And vows he only Catterwawls :
 Thus, in a Scene of Noise and Strife,
 They waste the pretious Hours of Life ;
 Till Death shall let the Curtain drop,
 And then their Game of Folly's up.

X X.

Though Heaven ordain'd, that Man should be
 A Creature, fitted for Society ;

Yet

Yet he must be *Apollo*, that can find
 What Benefit to *Body*, or to *Mind*,
 Can e're accrue from a wild *Friendship*, where
 No other Entertainments found,
 But still to see the Bottle keeps its round;
 All *sober-thinking* they abhor,
 And Learned Talking is kickt out of Doors :
 But if of *Dogs* and *Horses*————

XXI.

————And here the Chain of Thought
 In Meditation, to an end was brought;
 Occasion'd by a mighty Noise, which came.
 From the same House, from whence I lately went,
 The Penance of *Hard-Drinking* to prevent;
 Thither I hastned, and was struck to see
 Their pleasant Scence of Mirth and Jollity,
 Now turned to Blood, and Wounds, and Tragedy.
 The Foolish Fray was hardly over,
 When in the Room I did my self discover ;

For a full Bottle bright against my Arm;
 Then flew through the Window, without further harm;
 (Yet, in that number, there were only Two,
 Who me again distinctly knew;)

The Noble Knight, strove by all means he cou'd,
 To hinder spilling Christian Blood;

For Wine, and Passion, put 'em in a flame,

Not quickly to be Quench'd; but yet, at last,

Each quietly sat down, as no such thing had pass'd

But that though to chide our Fortunes, Heaven will not
 Allow; yet were this doleful choice my lot,

Then of the sob'rest in the Room,

(Tho' ev'ry Man was purely overcome,)

I askt th' occasion, how this Quarrel rose?

Who told me, That a Spark would needs impose

A Health on's Friend, which he point blank refus'd;

At which, in's Face, a Glass of Wine he threw;

And after that, his Titer drew,

And swore, that he that would not pledge that Health,

Were Sons of Whores, and lov'd a Common-Wealth:

At which, the *Company* divided *Good*,
 And *Swords* were ready drawn for *Blood*,
 But after some few angry *Battles* made,
 One prickt i'th *Army* and *Cothens* *cur* on the *blad*.

Slight *Wounds* — But, *lasted* much *Partisanship* used,

As fresh they to their *Drinking* fall,

As if they had not *drank* at all.

To see the upshot on't I would not stay,

But thus reflected in my homeward way,

That though to chuse our Fortunes, *Heav'n* will not
 Allow; yet were this double Choice my lot,

I'd rather be an *Hermit*, than a *Sot*.

Then of the *top* rest in the *Room*,

(Tho' ev'ry Man was *quicly* overcome)

I askt the occasion, how this *Quarrel* rose?

Who told me, That a *Sport* would needs imbold

A *Heathen's* Friend, which he *point* play'd round;

At which, in's Face, a *Glass* of *Wine* he throw'd;

And after that, his *Wine* drew,

And swore that he that would not *pledge* that *Health*

Were sons of *Whores*, and low *Common* *Whores*.

